

# ARIZONA CHAMPION.

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NO. 34.

## Arizona Central Bank

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

THE OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN ARIZONA.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Collections a Specialty.

### REFERENCES:

W. B. Strong, President A. T. & S. F. Railroad Co.; Ellis Wainwright, Managing Director Arizona Cattle Company, St. Louis, Mo.; Bank of California, San Francisco.

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Will answer calls on the A. & P. R. R.

### SECRET SOCIETIES.

#### I. O. O. F.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 11, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting Brothers in good standing cordially invited to attend.

N. G. LAYTON, Sec'y. J. C. NEWMAN, N. G.

#### T. E. G. RANSOM.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 22, meets at 9 A. M. Hall every two weeks on Thursday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Mrs. P. B. RANSOM, Pres. Mrs. LENA ELMORE, Sec'y.

#### FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

No. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings of this Lodge at Masonic Hall, on the fourth Monday in each month. Sojourning Brethren cordially invited to attend.

J. E. BURCHARD, Sec'y. W. J. HILL, Niles J. Cameron, John Rosenbaum.

#### O. E. S.

MOUNT FRISCO CHAPTER, No. 4, O. E. S. Regular convocations in Masonic Hall second and fourth Friday nights in each month.

MARINA E. WEST, Worthy Matron, J. E. BURCHARD, Worthy Patron, J. GUTHERN SAVAGE, Sec'y.

### ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

SATURDAY CONVOCACTIONS on the third Saturday in each month in Masonic Hall at 5 P. M. Sojourning Companions are cordially invited.

J. E. BURCHARD, H. P. F. W. H. GUTHER, Sec'y.

#### RANSOM POST.

No. 4, G. A. R. meets at Grand Army Hall, on the second and fourth Saturday in each month. Visiting Companions are invited to attend.

Geo. HOSKINS, P. C. L. L. BURNS, Adjutant.

#### FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

No. 8, K. O. P. Regular convention of this Lodge held every Tuesday evening in Kilpatrick's Hall. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited.

H. E. CAMPBELL, C. C. N. G. LAYTON, E. O. R. A. B.

## STOCKMEN! ATTENTION!

I will give you special bargains in

## Ranches

## Ranges

For Small or Large Herds of Cattle.

Patented Ranges for sale, with or without stock. Can furnish Bulls or Stallions, thoroughbred or grades, at reasonable prices. Also Stock Cattle and Horses. Have a number of Family Residences for sale cheap for cash, in desirable locations. For particulars call on or address

W. G. STEWART, Flagstaff, Arizona.

All Correspondence will Receive Prompt Attention.

REFERENCES:—Bank of Arizona, Prescott, Ariz.; Arizona Lumber Co., Flagstaff.

## COLD STORAGE HOUSES.

They are Constantly Being Made Better.

### WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

How Strawberries and Other Delicacies will be Preserved.

If a way could be found to keep fruits, berries and melons fresh for an indefinite length of time the public would have something added to its happiness during the winter months. Somebody or other has been trying for years to effect such a result, but every experiment has met with failure.

There are some things too delicate to keep long after being plucked from the maternal branch.

These things are, of course, also delicate to the taste, and that their season is so short is what has led to the ineffectual attempts to preserve them, so that they may be had when they are not in season.

#### MILLIONS ON ICE.

The nearest thing to the accomplishment of this much desired object are the cold storage warehouses. These are fitted up with huge boilers and great pumps for forcing brine and ammonia through the pipes that enter the air tight compartments. The mixture of brine and ammonia turns so cold that snow and ice form thick and solid on the outside of the pipes. The currents can be so regulated by a system of gauges that any temperature below zero can be produced without difficulty.

This system can be utilized to advantage in preserving all things not affected by frost. In New York city at any season of the year there are many millions of dollars' worth of good things stored away in these places to be drawn out from time to time as the dealer requires them for his trade.

In one great storage house there is estimated to be at all times from \$7,000,000 to \$12,000,000 worth of property, in which, however, is included all conceivable sorts of expensive eatables and valuable skins and furs.

This is how most of the big furriers keep the expensive skins from year to year. There is one thing that moths cannot stand, and that is low temperature. Such a temperature will also keep skins from hardening and furs from rusting to the end of time.

As for poultry, there is no telling how long it can be kept in prime eating condition. Mr. F. W. Conklin, of the firm of F. C. Linde & Co., of the Hudson River stores, told a reporter that they have a few thousand dollars' worth of poultry which has been in their keeping for more than two years. This particular comment became the subject of litigation shortly after it was placed there, and there it must remain until it becomes settled who is the owner.

Eggs are also kept for an indefinite period in these storage warehouses by lowering the temperature of the room to a few degrees above freezing. It is claimed that they can be kept in this way just as fresh as when they are first laid, but this is a matter which admits of some doubt; at least, most everybody, including the keepers of "cold storages," would prefer their eggs direct from the hen coop.

#### THE HARDEST TO KEEP.

The hardest things to keep are watermelons, strawberries—in fact all berries—and peaches. The storages are seldom called upon to hold these things more than a day or two at a time. Strawberries, however, have been kept for over six weeks after their season ended. Mr. Conklin had a lot for more than a month, and he has expressed the opinion that if they could be placed one by one upon a rack in an even temperature, so that a current of air could always circulate around them, they could be preserved an entire year.

The same method, he thinks, would be equally sufficient in keeping watermelons, but an editor in this town tried this, but without any satisfactory result. He wrapped a dozen melons in cotton, and toward the end of the season placed them in a general storage house, being careful to spread them apart. The season had hardly opened when he received word that his watermelons were rotting. He did not go after them, though, until the first of December, and those melons were then very poor eating, indeed. Originally they cost \$2, but the storage cost \$6, so the owner was out \$8 by the experiment, and he had no melon to eat either.

Prunes the cold storage system keeps in fine condition for years. They may be found in as soft, fresh and moist condition when taken from the cool compartment as they are when first picked. Vegetables can be kept a great time, but there is seldom much need for saving them—they are always so plentiful.

The cold storage is always improving, like everything else in this restless, pushing world, and perhaps before many years strawberries and watermelons may not be out of reach in midwinter.—New York News.

#### Life at Sandringham.

Nothing can be happier and more peaceful than the life at Sandringham, and whether alone or entertaining their friends, the Prince and Princess of Wales are an ideal host and hostess. They do not, as a rule, appear at breakfast; but shortly after 11 they come down and spend the rest of the day with their guests. In winter luncheon is generally taken at some cottage near where skating is going on, and the princess and the guests join the skaters and walk with them after luncheon is over. Tea is always ready in the hall at 5, and every one appears, the men in velvet suits and knickerbockers, and the ladies in tea gowns. Dinner is at 8, and the evening is passed either in dancing or games, and about 12 the prince and princess give the signal for retiring, and those who go to bed early can get to rest; but the majority of the guests go to the smoking room till an early hour in the morning.—Chicago Times.

### A Task in Multiplication.

A problem that at a glance seems easy enough to tempt many a schoolboy to spend a portion of his vacation in an endeavor to solve it, appeared recently in a Maine journal, and is as follows: Take the number 15. Multiply it by itself and you have 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, then multiply that product by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn. The question aroused considerable interest among lawyers in Portland, and their best mathematician, after struggling with the problem long enough to see how much labor was entailed in the solution made the following discouraging report upon it:

"The final product called for contains 33,339 figures (the first of which are 1,412). Allowing three figures to an inch, the answer would be over 1,070 feet long. To perform the operation would require about 500,000,000 figures. If they can be made at the rate of 100 a minute, a person working ten hours a day for 800 days in each year would be twenty-eight years about it. If, in multiplying, he should make a row of ciphers, as he does in other figures, the number of figures used would be more than 528,939,328. That would be the precise number of figures used if the product of the left hand figure in each multiplicand, by each figure of the multiplier was always a single figure; but, as it is most frequently, and yet not always, two figures, the method employed to obtain the foregoing result cannot be accurately applied. Assuming that the cipher is used on an average once in ten times, 475,000,000 approximates the actual number."—Boston Transcript.

### An Ecstacy Time.

A straw colored bull pup, an organ grinder with a monkey, an Irish woman with a basket of bananas, a colored man with a bucket of lime on his head, an imberbed sailor, a white girl with a new pair of shoes under her arm, and a countryman in a cheap blue suit, with a satchel seemingly quite heavy, were all walking down Main street yesterday toward the Catharine ferry. The bull pup was ahead of the procession. His tail stuck out straight, his eyes gleamed and he walked as though full of business. Suddenly the Irish woman slipped on a piece of apple peel. Her feet flew out and she dropped the basket violently on the monkey. The monkey shrieked; the bull pup on a short distance in the air, through astonishment and excitement, and then swept like a flash between the organ grinder's legs. The sailor let go the organ, the crank of which he had been turning as he walked, and the ancient Roman melody, "Blue Violets," was crushed to earth again. In trying to escape the dog the colored man dropped his bucket of lime, the contents of which were splattered over the sailor, who swore and flung up his arms, one of them striking the white girl across the nose. She naturally ejaculated. The countryman, likewise alarmed by the dog and the commotion ahead, dropped his satchel on the animal and began to run. The bull pup howled and the countryman fell over his satchel sprawling, and for the space of three minutes Main street was as animated as a circus.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A Business Scheme.

"Why do you ask for ten cents?" demanded a citizen of a tramp in City Hall park. "Most of you fellows only ask for a penny." "Yes, sir," politely responded the tramp, "and if they are repulsed their case is hopeless. With me, I can offer bargains—slaughter prices. In this case I am willing to make a dead reduction of five cents, thus enabling you, my dear sir, to come to the assistance of a deserving but despairing fellow being, with the pleasant feeling that you are not only doing good, but doing it at fifty cents on the dollar."—New York Sun.

### The Unexpected.



—Life.

### What Line He Was In.

What appeared to be a particularly refreshing drummer rattled away to a neighbor in a Sixth avenue elevated car, yesterday, all about his business success. Then he was curious to learn something about his neighbor's affairs. They were very discouraging. His expenses were \$15 a day, and he hadn't made a sale in four weeks, and didn't expect to make one in another month. "My, my, don't they kick?" asked the effervescent one, referring to his neighbor's employers. "Oh, no," replied the \$15 man. That so nonplussed the other that he asked: "What business are you in, my friend?" "I sell suspension bridges," was the calm rejoinder.—New York Sun.

### Brief.

This is the age of brevity in business transactions. Placards, humorous and semi-serious, distributed in mercantile houses, say so. The very latest indication of rush and a convenient means to save time are the signs in the stations along the New Haven road tacked up over some of the clocks. They say: "This is a clock. It is going. It is the correct time. Now shut up." The placards save the station men a heap of time.—New York Sun.

### Things Looking Brighter.

Merchant—Well, my dear, I made an assignment this forenoon. Wife—That's good, and now Clara can go to a boarding school, can't she?—Judge.

## AND ODD COMMUNITY.

Battle Creek's Seventh Day Adventists.

### AWAITING THE COMING OF CHRIST.

Printers Who Never Chew Tobacco.—Saturday the Sabbath Day.

For two days in the week—Saturday and Sunday—Battle Creek, Mich., is the funniest town on earth. Let a man wander about for an hour in the main part of town, and then saunter out toward the west end, and he will wonder what is the matter. From the mild crowding and surprised rush of busy salesmen, which always marks the close of the week in a country seat, to the quiet that reigns in the division farther west is indeed a contrast, for the west end is the possession of the Seventh Day Adventist, and Saturday is his Sabbath. On that day he rests from all his labors, and hallowes every hour with calm communion and a sort of irritated wonder why all other men do not think as he does about a matter so plain. The east end—the largest part of town—is just common, and the people there follow the habits that have been observed in ordinary communities from the beginning of settlement in the country.

The Adventist is a great fellow to argue. He has the Scriptures at his fingers' ends, and at his tongue's end, too, for that matter; and any man not similarly equipped had better preserve a golden silence when he comes into their presence, for he is liable to be snitten hip and thigh in an argumentative tussle. There is no more doubt in their minds that Saturday is the Sabbath than that fire will burn. An Adventist will stop in the middle of a good meal and let his dinner get cold while he gives you proof strong as holy writ that he is right and all dissenters are wrong.

But there is one fine thing about him. He is a peaceable fellow, and if you don't trouble him he will leave you alone. He is as industrious and as orderly as a Puritan, and he has no sort of use for the frivolities of the world. To him life is indeed real and earnest, and while he may feel in some measure responsible for the spiritual welfare of his brother, yet he seems also to feel that he will preach a more eloquent sermon by a daily walk of rectitude than by the most flowery and persistent utterances of harangues. He is as industrious as a Dunkard, as sober as a Quaker, as thrifty as a Jew, and mixes his fervency of spirit with his diligence in business in a way that would have satisfied even the Apostle Paul. His religion is so intense, his faith is so close to him, so much a part of the breath he draws and the food he eats, that he cannot be severed from it. He knows its teachings are that he must lead a pure life in every way and keep the body ready for the coming of the Lord, for he surely will come soon. He must abstain from all forms of alcohol, tobacco, opium, tea, coffee, and things of that sort.

Take it altogether, Battle Creek is a curious place. Think of a printing office employing 200 hands, where not one of them uses tobacco, where all of them belong to the church, and spend fifteen minutes every Monday morning at prayer in the chapel just back of the composing room. Why, you couldn't run a bigger place than that here if you had all the printers in Michigan to draw on. Think of the different preparations of grain, all without sugar and salt, and running from light but cool tea biscuit to "charcoal wafers." Think of the intense devotion to church which pervades all the lives of 3,000 people, and think of the business ability which has made and kept the town great in the midst of much competition.

Most of the stores have two big clocks, and one of them is labeled "standard time," while the other has "local time" engraved on its face. But whether you go by the sun or the chronometer at Washington these people are honest. A pair of new shoes were hanging against a wall box last Friday. Somebody had lost them, and the finder, not knowing anything better to do, had hung them up there, thinking the owner might come back and find them. They were there Saturday night, and they were there Monday morning.—Cor. Detroit News.

### Writes with His Teeth.

Capt. L. B. Cousins has received a letter from his old army comrade, E. P. Latham, of Barton, O. The letter itself would not seem remarkable to any one not conversant with the facts, as it appears to be simply a chatty, friendly letter, written in a bold, plain, businesslike hand. The remarkable feature of the letter is that Mr. Latham carries on his correspondence with his teeth. During the war he had both arms shot off and his right eye shot out. Although a man with habits matured by his loss, since losing his arms, learned to write by holding his pen in his teeth. He is a good penman, and does the office work for the firm of which he is the senior partner, and which does a very extensive business. He keeps the accounts, and no one would suspect by a glance at his books that his mouth, instead of his hand, is his penholder.—Omaha Bee.

We have many complaints about tender feet and sore ankles. If people who suffer in that respect will take a flat sheet of rubber, and cut out two pieces large enough to fit inside of the shoe soles, they will find immediate relief.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

### A CONTRACT.

Two men talked side by side from sun to sun. And both were poor. Both sat with children, when the day was done. About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud And shining moon; The other, with his head in sadness bowed, Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird On mount or river; No music in the soul of one was stirred By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man, And hoped the best; The other marvelled at his Master's plan, And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below, Was satisfied; The other, discontented, lived in woe, And hopeless died.

—Sarah K. Bolton in Woman's Journal.

### Out of Breath.

The unusual is invariably prized, and the savage who exchanges his gold and silver for worthless beads displays one of the commonest traits of variety loving human nature. An amusing illustration of this tendency to exalt what is rare is given by a yachtsman who paid a flying visit to Holland.

At Groningen we visited the Plantage, a very pretty park laid out three years ago on the site of the dismantled fortifications.

"There is a fine hill in the Plantage," said my guide, "and from the summit of it you will be able to see the country for a great distance."

It interested me greatly to hear that there was such a thing as a hill in Holland.

"But where is it?" said I, looking round the interminable plain. "I can see no hill."

"It is just over there, but you cannot see it, for it is hidden by that bush." The hill proved to be an artificial mound, not twenty feet in height, but when my companion reached the summit, so deceived was he by his imagination that he heaved a deep sigh, mopped his face, and dropped exhausted into a chair.—Youth's Companion.

### Where Fred Was.

On one of the South Side avenues lives a bright faced little miss of scarcely three summers, whose watchfulness brought to light facts for this story. The neighborhood is blessed with one of those breadwinners who do odd jobs for that same bread. This man—Fred he is called—was engaged by the mother of this little Miriam to carry a load of coal into the basement. Going to the window some time later the mother discovered that Fred had finished the job, and she wondered at his non-appearance. Hearing Miriam laughing in the kitchen—an unusual thing, by the way, this department being in charge of a typical green Sweden—she hastened out and was informed by the girl that Fred had been teasing Miriam. Returning to the parlor she was followed by that little miss, who seated herself and regarded her mother thoughtfully for a moment, and then said: "Mamma, Fred he hugged Essie and Essie see said 'Don't, don't like zat' with a coquettish wave of her little arm. The mystery was solved, and it is needless to say that the redoubtable Fred heaves his coal and his sentiment in another quarter.—Chicago Herald.

### Running the Gauntlet.

One of the most trying ordeals that a bashful, self-conscious man has to undergo occasionally in this city is to walk through the women's cabin on one of the big ferryboats that cross the North river. Everything is so wide and shelterless in one of these big boats, and the people sitting are ranged along the two walls with nothing to stare at but each other and those who walk between them. It seems to a timid man as if all eyes were fixed on him, as if each one was making a mental note that his trousers bagged at the knees or seemed shy of his boots, that a button was missing from his coat, that his cuff's edge was frayed or that his hat was last year's style. These cabins afford fine opportunities, though, for people who seldom think of themselves, and are also much enjoyed by women who are well dressed, or think they are, which answers the same purpose.—New York Tribune.

### Discount.

It used to be the custom, and is now in many localities, to "beat down" in all trades with storekeepers and merchants. An amusing example of this practice is given below:

In the old haggling way of trade it was customary to demand a great deal more than the asker hoped to get. One time, on the Texas frontier, a man came into camp riding on an old mule.

"How much for the mule?" asked a bystander.

"Just a hundred dollars," answered the rider.

"I'll give you five dollars," said the other.

The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted. "Stranger," said he, "I ain't a-go' to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yours."—Yankee Blade.

### With a Moral.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it ran away, one summer day, where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found that little lamb—she did not advertise. Now, Mary had a brother Jim, who kept a country store; he sat him down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along, but did not stop to buy, Jim still sat down and blinked his sleepy, sleepy eyes. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. "How is it, sister, that the other merchants here sell all their goods and pay their bills and thrive from year to year?" Remembering well her own bad luck, the little maid replied: "The other merchants get there, Jim, because they advertise."—Chenow Gazette.

## Baer's Photographs

—OF— Arizona Scenery

Grand Canyon.

Cliff Dwellings, Etc

D. J. BRANNEN, Agent,

Flagstaff, Arizona.

## CLUB ROOMS,

DONAHUE BUILDING,

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Finest Billiard Rooms in Town

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Wines, Liquors

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Courteous and prompt attention given to all guests.

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Flooring, Siding, Molding, Rustic, Shingles, Lath, Bridge Timbers, Sawed and Hewn Cross Ties, Piling, Mining Timbers, Car Sills and Telegraph Poles.

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Keeps the finest brands of Wines, Whiskies and Cigars.

Milwaukee Beer Always on Hand,

Which is Imported by the Car Load.

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## BANK HOTEL

RAILROAD AVENUE, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

Having opened the above House I will Spare No Pains to make it

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ROOMS BY THE DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

Also Dining Room attached, where nothing but the best the market affords is served to our guests.

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